11660.c.10.

CORINNA

VINDICATED.

To which is added,

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

SIMILE.

Audi Alteram Partem.

LONDON:

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CORINNA vindicated.

CORINNA, Virtue's Child, and chaſte
As *Veſtal* Maid of Yore,
Nor ſought the Nuptial Rites in Haſte,
Nor yet thoſe Rites forſwore.

Her, many a worthleſs Knight, to wed,
Purſu'd in various Shapes;
But She, tho' chuſing not to lead,
Wou'd not be led by — *Apes*.

Royſters they were; and each a meer
Penelope's Gallant;
They eat and drank up all her Cheer,
And lov'd her into —— Want.

See her by *W*—— firſt addreſs'd,
(But *W*—— caught a *Tartar*;)
Him while an Ill-earn'd *Ribband* grac'd,
She wore a nobler *Garter*.

A Pair of Brothers next advance,
Alike for Buſineſs fit:
The *Filly* 'gan to kick and prance,
And ſpurn'd the P—— *Bit*.

But who comes next? O, well I ken
Him playing faſt and looſe;
Ceaſe *F*——, the Prey will ne'er be thine:
Corinna's not a *Gooſe!*

See laſt, the Man by Heav'n deſign'd
To make *Corinna* bleſs'd,
To every virtuous Act inclin'd;
All *Patriot* in his Breaſt!

He woo'd the Fair with manly Senſe,
And, Flattery apart,
By dint of ſterling Eloquence,
Subdued *Corinna*'s Heart.

She gave her Hand—but left her Hand
So giv'n ſhould prove a *Curſe*,
The *Prieſt* omitted, by Command,
For Better and for Worſe.

The SIMILE anſwer'd.

CORINNA in a maiden State,
You liken to a Tory:
She jealous of her Virgin Fame;
He of his Country's Glory.

Corinna when debauch'd, you hint,
By ſome falſe flattering Prig,
Becomes a Proſtitute as vile,
As any fawning Whig.

Granted your Principles are fair;
Not ſo your ſly Concluſion:
The SIMILE is faintly drawn,
Nor juſt is the Alluſion.

Expunge *Corinna*'s Name, and place
Britannia's full in View,
Each lively Stroke your Wit purſues,
Is ap't, and ſtrictly true.

Britannia loſt her Virgin Pride,
Her Faith and former Plight,
By *Hogan-Mogan*'s Wiles debauch'd,
And plunder'd of her Right.

He † ſtript her firſt, and every ill
Of dire *Pandora*'s Box,
Transfus'd throughout her tender Frame,
And left her in a Pox.

High *German Doctors* now were call'd,
To prop her Conſtitution:
But what theſe Foreign Quacks preſcrib'd,
Encreas'd the firſt Pollution.

† Some read *clapt*.

A Group of home-bred Coblers next,
(The vileſt Scum on Earth!)
Bled, purg'd, and grip'd the wretched D
And Tokens brought of Death.

At length a Patriot Doctor came,
Scorning Reward or Fee;
Who aided by *Britannia*'s Friends,
From Ruin ſat her free.

He eas'd her Pains, reſtor'd her Health,
No more her Spirits fret:
No *Running Evil* now ſhe feels,
But *Running* more in *Debt*.

This Symptom too in proper Time
He will ſubdue, no Doubt,
For ſkilful *Doctors* ne'er *aſtringe*,
Till all the *Venom*'s out.

FINIS.